



Termination Dust // Oil Painting by Mark Flanagan — F/V Cadillac

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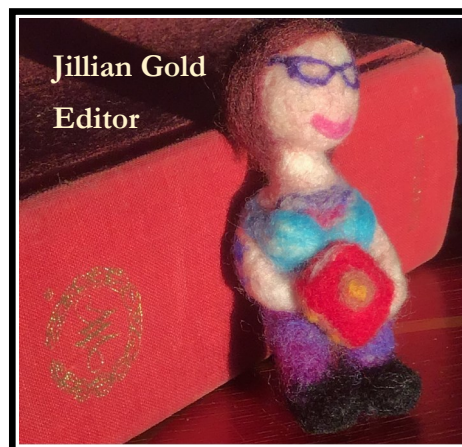
Welcome back to *The Catch*. We've made it through the frenzy of Summer. We watch the year parade along. Green, yellow, white. We are a fortunate audience. These endless rains seem to usher us fire-side, and towards creative process. Please enjoy this collection of art, photography, poetry & story as we move into quiet times.

THANK YOU to all contributing artists! Your art is a gift, and an inspiration.

Thank you to a community that supports the arts!

See you in the Winter . . .

With Love & Gratitude,



CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS:

Feature your work in our **Winter** issue. The theme is:

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Reflections
Reflections

Seasonal Catch



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Please exercise reader discretion.

Water

By Greg Mans

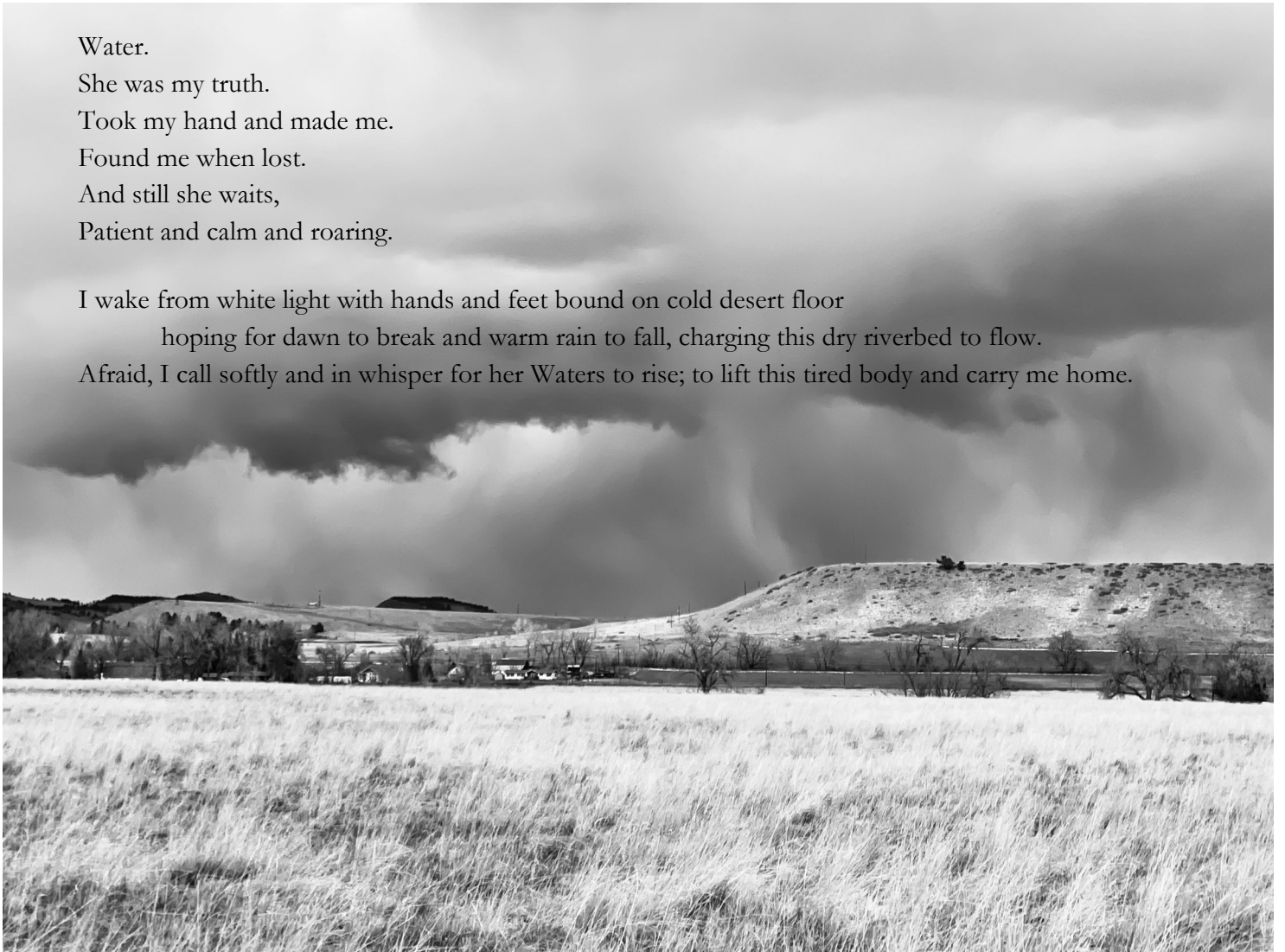
*"Yesterday, I broke ice from the well to fetch water.
This morning, I broke ice from the well to fetch water." — Zen saying*

Water is my sign.
I was born Marsh, raised by River.
Gills grew behind my ears.
My first true love was a mermaid; we were both 14.

I have lived on, sailed and paddled both Fresh and Salt; making bread by pulling fish from her belly.
Swimming with humpbacks off Lahaina Town, she peacefully glided so close;
my foot was nearly cut by giant barnacles welded to her fluke.
Waves have lifted and slung both board and body in four corners of Oceans.
During a September in coastal Alaska, forty-two inches of rain struck my slicker
turning fingers to prunes; rain becoming like sun.
After 28 days floating a great western river, I was sad to leave.

Water.
She was my truth.
Took my hand and made me.
Found me when lost.
And still she waits,
Patient and calm and roaring.

I wake from white light with hands and feet bound on cold desert floor
hoping for dawn to break and warm rain to fall, charging this dry riverbed to flow.
Afraid, I call softly and in whisper for her Waters to rise; to lift this tired body and carry me home.



Photograph by Darcy Saiget

SOUL-SPARK

By Jeanie Gold

Scintillating nugget
of Resplendent Fount

Perfect, Unblemished
Luminescent Light

Foundational Essence
of human life

Infinite, Eternal
No beginning, no end

Pristine Wisdom,
Peace-filled Joy

Untainted, Incorruptible
Ever-indestructible

By anything, in any way.

Wearing a mask of
Character, ~~personality~~

Encased in body
Senses, mind

Distorted by ego,
Making it difficult to find.

Yet, deep within
Always singing

Songs of Aum, Aum, Aum

Patiently calling
Wandering sons and daughters

HOME.

Photograph by David Saiget

Homecoming

By Tamara Filipović

“The river cannot go back.
Nobody can go back.
To go back is impossible in existence.
The river needs to take the risk
of entering the ocean
because only then will fear disappear,
because that’s where the river will know
it’s not about disappearing into the ocean,
but of becoming the ocean.”

—Kahlil Gibran, excerpt from “The River Cannot Go Back”

I stepped through the front door into a sunshine-filled yard. My neighbors’ dog, Sonya, barked and pulled, catching her leash on some flowerpots that graced the edge of the metal fence dividing our yards. I smiled, said hello to her and Kyle, then promptly returned to grab some dog treats that sat in our entryway. Sonya wanted to make sure that she was the first one I greeted. After three months of not seeing me, she still knew me and was as excited as ever. I placed a few treats on the grass in front of her, which she ate and then laid down to luxuriate in the Alaskan morning sunshine with a happy belly.

There I was, hugging my neighbors, petting their dog, and making small talk. I noticed immediately that I felt very relaxed, my body standing comfortably on their lawn, feeling into the moment, while words slipped out of my mouth spontaneously and easily. *Ab*, a quiet and subtle, almost indiscernible, but very much welcome change.

I wondered if that welcome feeling of ease was because of the 3-month “root-seeking” adventure I had just returned from in the Balkans. I’ve named it *Adventuring into Self*. During March 2022 I was by myself, followed by family and friend visits during April, and ending with my husband’s visit for the month of May.

Later that day another friend from down the street asked me and my husband how Serbia was. I told her it was great, that a lot happened, and that I needed time to process it all. My husband made a joke about bathrooms and the differences between the American and Serbian ones.

We humans, or maybe it’s Life herself, can seemingly oscillate so easily between the deep and the shallow, the important and the inessential. *Adventuring into Self* for 3 months, away from work, and able to do whatever I wanted, swayed in that balance.

The Balkans: A place and space where I enjoyed an entire month of living by myself; started to paint and to drink warm lemon water at the start of each day, wrote daily in cursive Cyrillic, read Serbian poetry and about her history, bought fresh fruits, vegetables, meats, and flowers from the same farmer’s market that I went to as a little girl; observed my sister and couldn’t recognize her, hugged, kissed, and laughed with friends and family over heavy meals and drinks, yelled at my mother while she was sick, walking out on her when arguing became futile; walked the city streets for hours on end, visited theaters, art galleries, libraries, and museums as often as my heart desired,

(continues on next page)

visited sacred churches and mosques on a weekly basis, made lustful love with my husband after we hadn't seen each other in two months; imagined forests outside as I laid in bed looking at the canopies framing my bedroom window in downtown Belgrade, and sat on the couch with my 6-year old niece, while she thumbed through my journal of little paintings and reflected out loud on what they reminded her of. I wish I had written down everything that she described.

Together these simple, seemingly inconsequential moments add up to what *Adventuring into Self* looked like for me. Over and over again, I kept going back to the feeling and awareness of how ephemeral Life is. Like a river, she's forever moving forward, leaving behind a trail of felt memories, while also building up the length, depth, and breadth of her relationships with the places, weather, and living beings she meets along the way.

Serbia, Bosnia and Herzegovina, and Croatia are full of the River's Life Force. Danube, Sava, Drina, Neretva, and Trebišnjica are only a few of the rivers that bless these lands. My husband and I were drawn to jump into all of these rivers, and did so; either to get relief from the blaring sun or because, perhaps, there was a more mysterious motive at work.

Before I jump into a body of water, I think about how all it takes is one single step into the air. Surrendering the balance from one half of the body into the other, the one that is leaping for freedom, for beauty, for the present moment, which is all we ever have.

That moment of levity, flying through the air with nothing but the strength and courage held in our bodies, is like a waterfall leaping off the cliff's edge, always pulled by gravity, down and back into the whole.



A Peak Above the Sea // Acrylic Painting by Casey Marinkovich

Cordova's 7th & 8th graders explore **kennings** with Mr. Ammerman!

kenning *noun* a metaphorical compound word or phrase (such as *swan-road* for *ocean*) used especially in Old English and Old Norse poetry

In each set, ALL of the clues describe ONE thing. Can you guess who or what?

Read to Solve!

The answers are on page 10.

1) Journey-Maker By Avery Reynolds

A hole-digger
A mess-maker
A treat-eater
A ball-catcher
A scrap-scavenger
A stick-fetcher
A rope-tugger
A food-beggar
A lake-swimmer
A tail-wagger
Put the clues together,

5) Journey-Maker By Aiden Flores

Ball-dunking
Pitch-throwing
Puck-hitting
Ball-receiving
Water-stroking
Weight-lifting
Track-sprinting
Goal-keeping
Frisbee-throwing
Rack-hitting

2) Journey-Maker By Amelia Hottinger

Egg-Laying
Bear-Escaping
Food-Bringer
Color-Changers
River-Swimmer
Ocean-Migrater
Belly-Filler
Water-Jumper

6) Journey-Maker By Jasmine F. Ridao

Color - Altering
Leaf - Cruncher
Pumpkin - Lover
Maple Syrup - Pouring
Nuts - Stored
Rain - Roaring
Bonfire - Burning
Scarf - Adjuster
Frost - Starter
Winter - Beginner

3) Journey-Maker By Elizabeth Baenen

Loud-singers
Insect-swallower
Feather-picker
Nest-makers
High-glider
Tree-liver
Land-scanner
Air soaring-diver

7) Journey Kenning By Lily Clement

Temperature-changing
Warm-clothing
Sky-gleaming
Kids-screaming
Ground-sparkling
Bones-chilling
House-decorating
Cheeks-rosing
Snow-falling

4) Journey-Maker By Adelaide Botz

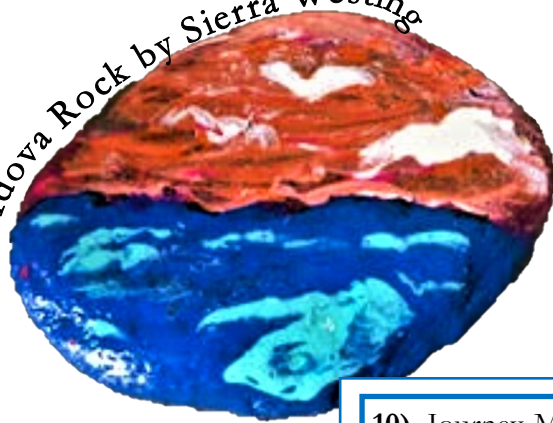
Heat-rising
Sky-floating
Bird-passing
Ground-viewing
Basket-riding
Eye-catching
Wind-following
People-carrying

8) Journey-Maker By Rob Ammerman

Stilt-walker
Fish-stalker
Sky-mirror
Season-clearer
Ripple-maker
Reed-shaker
Frog-impaler
Wind-sailor

"kenning," *Merriam-Webster.com Dictionary*,
<https://www.merriam-webster.com/dictionary/kenning>.
Accessed 9/22/2022.

Cordova Rock by Sierra Westing



*On the next page,
look under the sea for the answers!*

9) Journey-Maker
By Violet Simpler

Shore-crashing
Sand-swallower
Creator-holding
Shell-beholder
Plant-expanding
Driftwood-floater
Reef-thriving
Barge-lifter
Submarine-sinker
Fish-flowing
Marine life-growing

13) Journey Kenning
By Roman Quemado

Waters-heavy
Boat-sailing
Fish-catching
Net-making
Waves-crashing
Food-gathering
Rain-falling
Luck-failing
Flames-enlarging
Sun-setting
Night-falls
Day-ending

10) Journey-Maker
By Chelsea Mapili

Evergreen-keeping
Life-thriving
Heart-hoisting
Earth-clinging
Timber-holding
Plant-raiser
Moss-dampening
Flower-bearer

14) Journey-Maker
By Lily Simpler

Car-Driving
Door-Parking
Trees-Dirt
Daisy-Walking
Bridge-Stream
Mushroom-Eating,
Nevermind
Water bottle-Drinking
Lunch-Food
Down Hill-Walking

11) Journey-Maker
By Hayden Tschappat

A Season-Migrator
A Silenced-Presence
A Painted-traveler
Quiet-beauty
A Nectar-feeder
A Wind-glider
Fragile-Art
Flying-grace

15) Journey-Maker
By Trent Dundas

Frost-Fur
Fur-Glowing
Face-Blank
Body-Chiller
Peace-Inside
Spirit-Freedom
Soul-Helper
Mind-Opening
Knife-Claws
Dagger-Teeth
Death-Stare

12) Journey-Maker
By Camila Vargas

Egg-smasher
Shore-walker
Sand-digger
Sea-swimmer
Sardine-eater
Shell-carrier
Site-returner
Egg-layer

16) Journey-Maker
By Layla Phillips

Continent-Crossers
World-Travelers
Better-Lifers
Choice-makers
Sight-seers
Travel-Masters
Ocean-Gliders
World-Explorers



Cordova Rock by Kehukai Kane

If Only

By Oshiana Black



If
Only we
Could peel Away



The ship's bow and stern
Coil the craft's lines and push noiselessly
Off on a Southbound vessel, to the next port
Free to be who we were meant to, see the World, darling
New faces arriving, meeting all types, hearing, seeing, affirming
with Doe eyes, sundrenched and crystalline, warmed from the Golden
Lower latitude, the ocean salt air alkalizing our minds, breezes clearing cobwebs

L
I
F
E

Would be perfectly simple. We'd read and draw, a book of our adventures, "Scarlett's school of Life"
We'd do a hundred pushups a day, stretch and jump, for endorphins, happy chemicals, make
Friends with the birds and dolphins, go to land, if needed, we'd learn together you and I, before
Your childhood is up. The real deal is not from a book, inside the institutional, sterile walls
Walls of this current locale, where we sigh and savor the rain- for now - it's the bubble we call
Home, but never stop dreaming our dreams, and imagining how we see our one chance, our
Gift of life to be, but regardless of the obstacles, dreams come true if we see them Clearly first!

1) *I'm a dog!*

2) *Salmon*

3) *It's a bird!*

4) *Hot air balloon*

5) *Athlete*

6) *Autumn*

7) *Winter*

8) *Blue Heron*

9) *Ocean*

10) *Forest*

11) *A Butterfly*

12) *Turtle*

13) *Fishing Trip*

14) *A person going on a hike*

16) *I'm an immigrant!*

15) *Spirit Bear*



Seal at Cape Horn // Photo by Skip Novak

A Change of Plan

By Kate Laird

I hadn't been frightened at sea before, not like this. I was already in my foul weather gear, lying on the galley linoleum, wedged between two sets of cupboards. I'd slept a bit in the last three hours, but not much. Jess was steering, and the wind had been building steadily all night.

I'd been in worse weather before, but then I'd been fit and strong, not dragging myself around after seven months of cancer treatment – surgery, four months of chemo, two months of radiation. Jess had come to *Seal* to crew and cook for Hamish on the previous charters while I was in treatment and had stayed on for my first voyage back. The kids, too, had missed seven months on the boat, looking after a puking bald mother instead of roaming around in the wilderness.

A team of archaeologists had hired us to bring them to various sites in the Antarctic island of South Georgia, but they didn't want to do the two weeks of Southern Ocean sailing to and from, so they'd talked cruise ships into giving them passage. They'd disappeared into the fog in a cruise ship *Zodiac* three weeks before, and we'd had a family trip on South Georgia, before the cold, shortening days of autumn sent us sailing back for the Falkland Islands, where we'd last fueled and provisioned two months before.

My gloves were warm and dry from hanging over the heater, and my harness tether was already attached outside, with the flat webbing snaked under the companionway door, so I could clip on my end and be secure before even opening the door. I had big skiing mittens, three layers

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of thermals, and a balaclava. Clear night skiing goggles were drip drying over the sink. I put it all on, adjusted the hood on my foul weather gear, clipped into the tether, and opened the door, latching it open, so it wouldn't swing back and break my fingers on my way out. There were handholds on either side of the door, and an eighteen-inch threshold to keep breaking seas out of the boat.

It was like doing a pull-up to go out of the door into the black howling night. I could see the waves rising up behind the boat and the white swirls of spindrift ripped off the surface by the wind. I kicked my harness tether forward and turned to shut the door and latch it before a breaking wave could get inside. Seeing Jess on watch was a slight out of body experience as she was wearing my other set of foul weather gear, so it felt like looking in a mirror – her red hair was totally hidden, so she might as well be me, standing there, legs apart rocking her weight from one side to another as she spun the wheel under her hands. The boat was charging through the water at ten knots, falling down the waves, the rush of the water letting us go a couple of knots faster than hull speed, the spray coming up the side of the boat like we were riding a surfboard. *Seal* is a fifty-six-foot sailboat and weighs thirty-five tons, with a seventy-five foot mast and a big spread of sail to move us through the water. Tonight, however, we didn't need any of that – we were sailing “bare poled.” In this wind, the small surface area of the mast and the bulk of the furled sail lashed to the boom was enough sail to push us through the ocean.

I shuffled around behind Jess so that our tethers wouldn't tangle as she left. I stood behind her, stretching my eyes to see the shape of the waves in front and letting my feet get into the rhythm of the boat. The sea was a white froth over black and the air was full of salt. I stepped forward next to Jess and put my left arm under

her right to take the wheel. We would change on the uphill run – changing on the downhill was too dangerous, as if we messed up the timing, or bumped one another, the boat could turn sideways to the sea at the bottom of the trough and we might roll over. The autopilots couldn't do the job.

Jess dropped her hands and stepped back, standing by me without saying anything as I adjusted to the steering. After a few waves, she swung around the wheel guard and disappeared through the door, heading for her bunk. Hamish was probably already in full foul weather gear, taking the standby position of sleeping on the galley floor, while Jess could take off her foul weather gear for three hours and try to get some sleep.

Helen was eight, Anna just turned seven. They were fast asleep in Hamish and my bunk, with a cloth divider keeping them from rolling into each other, and a plywood bunk board to keep them from falling out of bed. All afternoon, they'd been riding the waves by sliding up and down the galley linoleum shrieking and laughing while Stephen Fry read Harry Potter aloud on the stereo. Particularly good waves would be greeted by the shout of “Horse Manure!” I hadn't asked why.

Eight days before, we'd left South Georgia and its millions of penguins and seals behind. It was an eight-hundred-mile sail upwind to the Falkland Islands. We sailed pretty well for the first couple of days, the wind forty-five degrees off the bow. This is sailing hard into the wind for a heavy ocean-going sailboat in big seas. Race boats on flat water can point much higher. It means that each tack going up wind is a turn through ninety degrees – it is a long, slow haul to go upwind. We made slow progress, but “Jimmy” – our wind-driven autopilot – did most of the steering, and we took three-hour watches at night, four in the day to lookout for icebergs and adjust the sails.

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Helen, Anna, King Penguins; South Georgia // Photo by Hamish Laird

Ninety-four miles from the entrance to Port Stanley, we stopped. The wind had built on the nose to fifty knots, and even with our big diesel engine assisting, we could only make a couple of knots against it. The forecast promised even more for the next four days, without the usual change of direction as the system moved past us. The seas were going to get bigger and bigger, and although we typically averaged 150 miles a day, with a boat speed of two knots, our remaining forty-eight hours of fuel would not get us to the dock.

We started getting satellite emails from friends in the Falklands, all on the theme of “Roofs are coming off here; Where are you? Are you okay?” Roofs don't blow off very often in the Falklands, as they're built for the “furious fifties,” the band of strong winds that race around the world between fifty and sixty South, unhampered by any significant land masses.

We tried heaving to, where you put the wind on the wrong side of a small jib, so it is steering you downwind, and then lash the wheel in the opposite direction, so it is steering you up wind. In reasonable seas, this will reduce your drift downwind. When the seas get too big, though, they just keep tipping you sideways to the wind, so eventually we gave up and went with it, lying ahull in the seas, rolling from side to side with each one. The kids thought this was entertaining; adults less so. By the ages of four and six, Anna and Helen had sailed to Greenland, Antarctica, and all the miles in between, but despite numerous storms, icebergs, and spending months at sea, we'd never felt really in danger.

After thirteen hours of lying ahull, Hamish came and woke me. I was sleeping in our bunk, wedged sideways to keep from rolling too much. Helen and Anna were up in the raised saloon, listening to Harry Potter and drawing pictures. Jess was on watch, although there wasn't much to do but wait for a crisis.

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"If we keep doing this for four days, we'll roll over," said Hamish. "We should change course and go to Uruguay." We were less than a hundred miles from the Falklands; a thousand from Uruguay, but it would be easier to sail a thousand miles than a hundred. Hamish's diary says I cried, but he was right.

I'd sailed upwind through the Southern Ocean on another boat, and we would have continued through this weather, but the boat was eleven feet longer, twice the volume, and had fourteen crew. Our steering watches were turns of forty-five endless minutes, not three hours. I showed up in Cape Town after that trip with the most defined arm muscles of my life – not coming off cancer. Hamish had set up a winch in the workshop at my parents' house so I could keep fit, and a local gym gave cancer patients a free membership, but I still didn't have the endurance.

When Hamish and I started long distance sailing – him in the mid-eighties, me in 1990 – the question was *where am I?* Weatherfax gave periodic information about what weather we could expect, but often (especially just before bad weather)

it would come in as a blurred smear. A few years later, GPS arrived, detuned by the US Navy, but still, a huge advance over the SatNav we'd been using. All of this was an extraordinary advantage over Celestial Navigation – we'd both done passages in the mid latitudes guided by sextant and hand calculations, but in the Southern Ocean, you could go for days or weeks without sight of the sun or stars. The next big step was satellite phones that could receive email. We'd added that to our repertoire a few years earlier – we could now receive weather GRIB files that displayed a computer model forecast on our laptop. Having a reliable forecast and an accurate position changed everything: now the question was *where do I want to be?*

We turned and ran. It was a relief to be doing something, and turning downwind transformed the forty to fifty knots of true wind into thirty-five apparent over the deck because we were going with it. This was the kind of weather *Seal* likes best – a good Southern Ocean romp instead of wallowing and waiting.

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Having decided that we didn't want to knockdown over a hundred miles from the Falklands, we looked at the GRIBs for the next week. We'd been using them for three years, and knew that they consistently underrated big winds. This week's GRIB had a new feature – we'd seen it before, but never on our path. Triangles. A triangle stood for an average wind speed of fifty knots. The entire sea north of the Falklands was covered with triangles in forty-eight hours' time.

In those days, the forecast model was typically twenty percent low for big winds. A fifty-knot forecast meant we'd see sustained winds of sixty knots with gusts in the seventies. Hamish was confident in the boat's abilities running downwind, and we had half a mile of warps and half a ton of chain to trail behind us if it got too exciting.

But I'd spent too much time thinking about it over the last two days. Could I manage steering in those conditions? The roar of the water coming past as I prepared to go on watch didn't quite manage to drown out the sound of the wind's screams. For the first time in nearly a hundred thousand miles of ocean, I was scared. In the old days, you simply knew you would be thrashed somewhere in your passage, but not when or where.

The wind held steady between sixty and sixty-five knots. Sixty-three is where “violent storm force” transitions to “hurricane force.” The speed peaked between midnight and one thirty. Nearly every wave broke off at the top, with rolling water curling down around us as we and the breaking water dropped into the troughs.

To my relief, though, the steering wasn't impossible. *Seal* has a better balanced rudder than the previous boats I'd steered, and we'd designed the wheel to be slightly lower than our hands so water wouldn't run up our sleeves while steering, which also gave us extra power. Hamish and I both started sailing across oceans without autopi-

lots, and you just can't replace tens of thousands of miles at the helm. Jess, too, had done a lot of heavy weather sailing, both with us and on other boats.

A lot of helming a sailboat is about feeling the wind on your face and the angle of the deck under your feet. You have to move the wheel before the boat starts turning, and then turn it back to stop the motion. An inexperienced helmsperson - and even experienced ones at times - will react after the instruments start to show a change, and they end up chasing the dials back and forth. It is hard to steer with one's face fully covered - I've tried wearing a neoprene ski mask with goggles, but I blunder about, chasing the instruments. At the very least, the tip of my nose has to be out in the air.

After I'd been steering for an hour and a half, I noticed the door latch turning. Hamish appeared in the doorway, clipped on to the safety line. He was invisible behind his foul weather gear, mittens, and goggles. He put his left hand on the wheel next to mine, passed me something with his right hand, and I ducked out under his arm to the cuddy seat by the door. Going down wind, the cuddy seat didn't offer much protection, but at least I could sit down.

I uncurled my glove to find a soggy brownie, slightly crushed by my mitten. I pulled my balaclava down with my other hand and took a bite. Nothing had ever tasted so good. Three minutes off the wheel while I ate. My arms and back burned. The spray pitted into my nose and chin. Reluctantly, I licked the last of my brownie - tasting more of salt than chocolate - and used the wheel guard to pull myself to my feet. I circled around behind Hamish and put my hands on the wheel. He ducked out and took my seat in the cuddy. He didn't say anything for a minute as I steered down the wave, chasing the instruments a bit as I came back into sync with the wind and the waves. I had failed to pull my balaclava back up,

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but my fleece-lined hood did the job for the most part, although I could feel extra water creeping down towards my neck. I batted at my neck with one hand, and then had to stop to get two-handed control back on the wheel.

Without my asking, Hamish stood up, pulled off one mitten, and tugged the balaclava up over my chin. "All right?" he asked.

"Yes, fine," I said, not looking back.

Later in the night, as the wind dropped, we began by easing out a bit of staysail. For a few hours, we alternated between a bit of staysail in the gale force winds, and then winching it back in when the wind picked up to storm force. As a storm winds down, it is difficult to make yourself drive the boat hard enough. Putting up the mainsail again is a chore, you're tired from the storm, and you really don't want to put it up again, only to have to take it down.

On the other hand, as the wind lessens, the waves are still storm-sized. Boat speed is important to maintaining control, so you really should put up the mainsail. You know you should, but you always wait a bit too long.

By ten the next morning, we had the full staysail out, and it was clearly time to get the main up. We still had forty knots of wind – it would be the easiest thing in the world to say, let's wait another hour, but the boat was no longer sailing well, and a bit more sail would give us better steering.

The right clothes for steering through a storm are not the right clothes for the athleticism of winching up the main. At the watch change, I steered while Hamish shuffled up to mid decks. Waves rushed down the side decks. Kneeling is the safest way to work, but it also means you'll get a leg full of water. He climbed up to the middle of the boat and freed the main halyard from

where we'd lashed it when we'd dropped the last of the main yesterday. It flogged against the mast in the seconds before he got back to the winches. The mainsail has two winches – one for the halyard pulling up or lowering the top of the sail and the other for tightening the clew (the lower back end of the sail) at each reef point. Changing the mainsail is a ballet between those two winches, alternately easing one and grinding the other, and it takes two hands. With your feet spread apart and your butt against the wire lifeline, and two hands on the winch handle, you can make a tripod of your body and stay on your feet. A river of water runs down the deck and tugs at your ankles. The winch handle catches in your tether as you grind the winch.

When a storm is building, sailing in forty knots after thirty seems like the worst thing that's ever happened, but a day later, when sixty has dropped to forty it seems calm. Hamish cranked the first fifth of the mainsail up the mast, the sail cracking like a whip until he finished. I winched its two control lines tight. Then the sail began pulling, the steering eased, and we were sailing in a mere gale again.

Black browed albatrosses soared around the boat. They are some of the smaller albatross, but still enormous. Their heads are white, with a thin black streak over their eyes. The seas were still white with froth, but less of it was lifting off into the air. Hamish climbed over the rail and stood on the scoop, a small shelf at sea level, to reattach "Jimmy's leg" (the wind pilot rudder), then we fitted the plywood vane and adjusted it so the boat sailed at seventy degrees off the wind. We stood on deck for a while, making sure Jimmy was able to steer the boat properly, and tweaked the main slightly – an inch or two in or out makes a big difference in how well Jimmy can steer.

(continues on next page)



Black Browed Albatross // Photo by Hamish Laird

We took stock after the storm. We were now seven hundred miles from Uruguay, with forty-eight hours of diesel. That was our bare minimum for approaching the rocks of a continent, so we would not be able to use the engine until we reached the Rio de la Plata. It had been two and a half months since we provisioned in the Falkland Islands. We had plenty of food, but propane was in short supply. Normally, seven hundred miles would take us five days, but we had to add a few days for calms, so ten days was a cautious estimate. But it could take us twice that if anything went wrong, so we started budgeting generator fuel, propane, and electricity. In those days, we didn't have the solar power and wind generator we have now.

Hamish turned off the diesel heater. I'd once sailed eight thousand miles through the Southern Ocean with no heater, so I knew what it was like to sail with everything wet and cold. *Seal's* heater is a simple drip diesel – much more reliable than those with fussy electronics – and it had run through the storm with no problem. I probably didn't really hear the click over the nois-

es of the boat, but in my memory I can hear it clearly. But turning it off meant saving diesel. We had a slight power demand from the GPS, instruments, and turning on the computer once a day for weather forecasts and emails, but we didn't run a chart plotter – just put pencil marks on a paper chart. We needed a bit of power to run the propane solenoid when we were cooking, although I could bypass that if necessary.

Half an amp to power Harry Potter was non-negotiable. Helen and Anna woke up bouncy after the night's storm, oblivious that they'd been through the worst weather of their lives, and asked for the *Half Blood Prince*.

We didn't carry ready-meals on board – all our food was solid winter vegetables like potatoes, cabbage, and carrots, and we had lots of pasta and rice. We learned to make mashed potatoes by grating the potatoes, bringing the pressure cooker up to pressure, and then turning off the gas and wrapping it in towels. We cooked pasta and oats in the same way. We ate coleslaw.

(continues on next page)

For the next week, as the winds lessened, we lived more like the old sailors, tweaking every bit of speed out of the sails, drifting backwards in the current when the wind stopped. Jimmy could steer, powered by wind.

A few days later, halfway to Uruguay, the spindrift and sixty knots was a memory. We later learned three ships had called Mayday in that storm; two were lost. But now, we had glassy seas, the main sail flopping, and a grounded black browed albatross pecking at Jimmy's leg. We could hear the "cholk cholk" of the white chinned petrels, a sound we associated with nights in South Georgia anchorages. We hadn't heard their cobbler sounds at sea before, because we were either sailing and the wind was too loud, or motoring, and the engine was too loud.

Helen and Anna appeared on deck, in harnesses like our own, and stared down at the alba-

trosses around the boat. We brought them out at night to see dolphins coursing around the boat, lit by phosphorescence. Whales blew in the distance, and wandering albatrosses cruised past when there was enough wind to keep their massive bodies airborne. We sewed up three tears in the main – not from the storm, but from the chafe in light winds. One adult could easily run the boat in this weather, with Jimmy to help, so Hamish, Jess and I slept soundly on our off watches.

When we reached Uruguay, after sixteen days at sea, and seventy-two days from our last town, Jess's father – a long haul bus driver who lived by destinations and time tables – couldn't quite understand why we'd wound up in the wrong country.

It wouldn't be the last time.





Least Sandpipers // Egg Tempera by P. Payne

SNAKES

By Rob *The Professor* Brown

SNAKES IN A CLOSED LOOP LIVE WITH THEIR HEADS UP THEIR ASS
O

SNAKES IN AN INFINITE LOOP EXPEND A LOT OF ENERGY BUT GO NO WHERE
8

SNAKES IN AN OPEN LOOP GO PLACES
S

The Wanderer: *Notes from Yosemite*

By Sammy Stripes

Fear is a creature's initiation into the universe. Through fear one can do little but through love one just might forget fear and discover courage. My love of these woods is ever growing. The name manzanita floats down from some faint memory and so another hidden dream is realized. I look out on the valley, uncertain how far I've come and how far I have yet.

I don't like taking part in popularity battles which define civilization.

I spotted a red-tailed hawk which swooped down to grab something, before I could zoom in it dashed off.

I've been walking through a long corridor of woods and have just reached a small stream which may mean I'm close to El Capitan.

10:00AM Camp is down after 1 hour of deep thought and preparation for rainstorms. Just outside camp I can hear water!

10:35 I stopped for water and now am at a crossroads. The sign for Tamarack Flat is worn but still discernable. The marker says I have gone 4 miles out from the trailhead. 6 more to El Capitan where I may camp tonight.

From the outset the sun was strong, nothing but the trail ahead. A camera cannot even capture this majesty. Even if I were quick enough to draw mine, I could not capture this wholesome beauty and silence.

Ab, the springiness reaches from shoulder to toes now after the first hour set the pace . . .

And in the lack of original thought arises the desire to rebel. We ignore or forget the past and choose to be the first of our kind, feigning ignorance and professing our outright courage. We choose the forgotten paths dismembered from societal control to recreate ourselves as some piece of the universe and to validate our existence within it.



Watercolors by Susan Ogle

Attached

By Steve Schoonmaker — *F/V Saulteur*

Once there were men
not like many today
not so attached to machinery
in a personal way
not so attached to machinery
like so many today,
so attached to machinery
you might have to say
Like a sort of a Junky
in a sort of a way

The machine gets 'em out there
where the job's getting done
chasing Wild Salmon wherever they run,
pushing the pistons
and belching the stacks
first it's getting 'em out there
then it's getting 'em back

It's like the blood are hydraulics
on a fossil fueled deck
It's like a Monkey on the back
of a fisherman's neck
with the fates that might lead
to the checks or the wrecks
machinery's a factor in affecting effects . . .
machinery's a factor in many a way,
seems machinery's a factor to everyone today.

Could we ever go back to the breeze and the tack,
and the times of the natural way
where the oars and the sails
were the skills that prevailed
with the people of old yesterday

No bank loan machinery
No fuel bills to pay
but, then no hydraulics
for anchors to weigh

Yes, and what about fish calls
that'd take you two days
and crossing Ocean bars
on a nautical day
where only the bold with machinery would stray

I guess more would drown
if we went the old way,
and I wonder . . . could the Coast Guard
still have their engines for saving the day

Well, I guess we're all Junkies
especially today
so attached to machinery
in a personal way
so attached to our Monkeys
with our fuel bills to pay

Yea, making more money than the natural way . . .
polluting our carbons in the Sky and the Bay
belching our stacks
chasing making it pay
making more money than the natural way

Well, I guess it's my conscience
sensing caught in the fray
sensing something's been lost
If not somehow retained
I guess if conscience awakens
some Monkeys can change

Not so attached to machinery
In a personal way
I guess Human addiction
to attachments could
still rearrange, and could still
somehow make money
could still somehow make change
I guess Money's still the thing
that gets most in our way
I guess that the sad point
that I'm trying to make
Maybe oars left the future
with the sails yesterday.



The Road Less Paddled // Digital Illustration by Cadence Moffitt

Boxes, Boards, Bricks & Sticks

By Jim Pahl

With boxes, boards, bricks & sticks a home my honey makes
A closet, bookcase, shelf, or table is the least of what she's able
Oh, look at this (I hear her laugh), something not to miss
For given such simple things my baby is in bliss

A box turned upon its side has become a seat . . . But wait
Turned again we have a place to eat. Oh . . .
Turn it one more time and it becomes a bench,
Once more yet and we have a place to put a wrench

Maybe if we place this box inside this bigger crate,
Then try another out for size, it might just fit great
Fill one full of blankets, that must make it a chest
Or maybe full of papers, I guess it's now a desk

If you think I over rate, you've not heard what I said
For a latticework of box & board holds up my very bed
The walls & halls are filled with cartons, crates & cases
I find rectangles resting in the most unlikely places

If you think me critical of this magic she creates
If you think I wonder *what has happen to the place*
Then you have me wrong, for who could ask for more
Than a finer set of furniture
Than can be bought in any store

Parallels

By Jillian Gold



In what many realities
do we live at moments given?
You hurl a concrete One at me,
still clinging to infinity

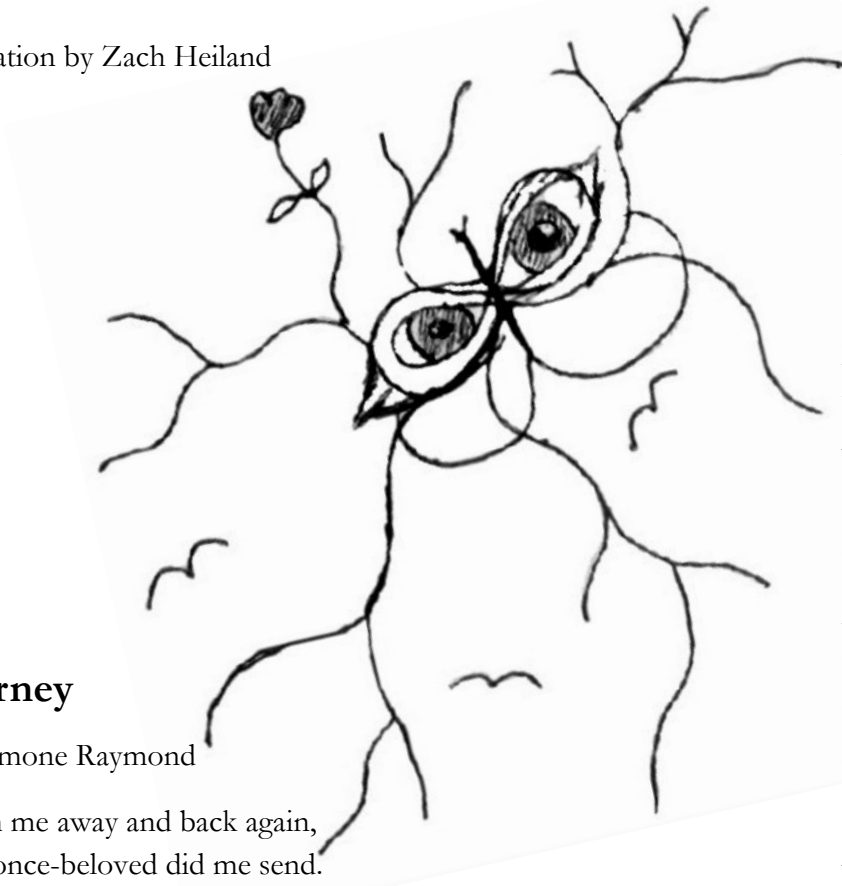
Yet all our points meet seamlessly
in this massive web we're spinning
And by what proof should I concede
tomorrow hasn't yet to be?

When already we've played this scene
from a script that has never shown
Reasons are side stepping percepts
though each taking shape on its own

Signals and sets; past can't forget
what the future already knows
This, the next stop and *All Points West*;
The same route, reversed, that it goes

Like learning from our selves in dreams,
their parallels, and in-betweens
That all can be more than it seems
at every moment given

Pachyderm Dreams // Photo by Jude



Journey

By Simone Raymond

From me away and back again,
The once-beloved did me send.
Down the river and 'round the bend,
The once-beloved did me spend.

My pine of tall and branches round,
Lay in disarray upon the ground.
The once-beloved cut them down!
From me away and back again,
The once-beloved did me send.

With promises that true were not,
A game was played: "We-lie-a-lot."
The once-beloved stole a shoe,
Well, perhaps more than just one or two...
And, of ring of gem and silver fine,
The once-beloved said, "This is mine!"

A crumpled crown behind a book,
Treacherous days of spells and crook,
Upon unbidden truth, I did look.
From me away and back again,
The once-beloved did me send.

Down in the valley, through the thorn,
Of whispers, shadows and discordant scorn.
Am I the only, of love do mourn?
From me away and back again,
Down the river and 'round the bend,
My once-beloved did me spend.

Untitled

By Zach Heiland

Silence speaks volumes
Golden rhythms and tunes
Lights they dance
But shadows show the form
White and black cycles
One is dead, one is born
I am torn, a hole is in my heart
Left my mind some time ago
It was tearing me apart
Pick the pieces to infinity
Paint the portrait new
Experience is subjective
Your life is up to you



DANCING AWARENESS

By Cristina Vican

Sitting . . . regarding a beam of light
Streaming into my cabin window
All silence occupies the space that I AM now
This is the only moment there is
Each object the light touches is brand new
I've never seen any of it before
Even the wing of the dearly departed fly on the sill is
Iridescent, luminous with rainbows
It's all so alive . . . tremulous . . . shimmering
The light beam itself now captures my glance
It is filled . . . FILLED with particles . . . bits of life . . . floating
All set free from their bondage to form
Dancing with joy
Spinning and twirling
With no agenda or purpose
Only Dancing

Photograph by Chris Byrnes



Copper River Delta Diptych // Acrylics by Mark Flanagan

Blue

By Steve Schoonmaker — *F/V Saulteur*

Renew streaks through
like Glaciers melt Blue
Daylight enhances
retreats, then advances
as the new morning grew
a Gull's squawking tongue
the rise of the Sun
as the air in my lungs reddens

Blue . . . renewing my blood
as a new flower's bud
on a mountain above dries the dew . . .
turning Blue . . .
out to the open
to the Swallows backs sloping
diving on cue, iridescence on Blue
into that Mist's prism too . . .
so rainbowed to Ocean
rolling in motion
like the backs of a few
schooling on through
iridescence on Blue

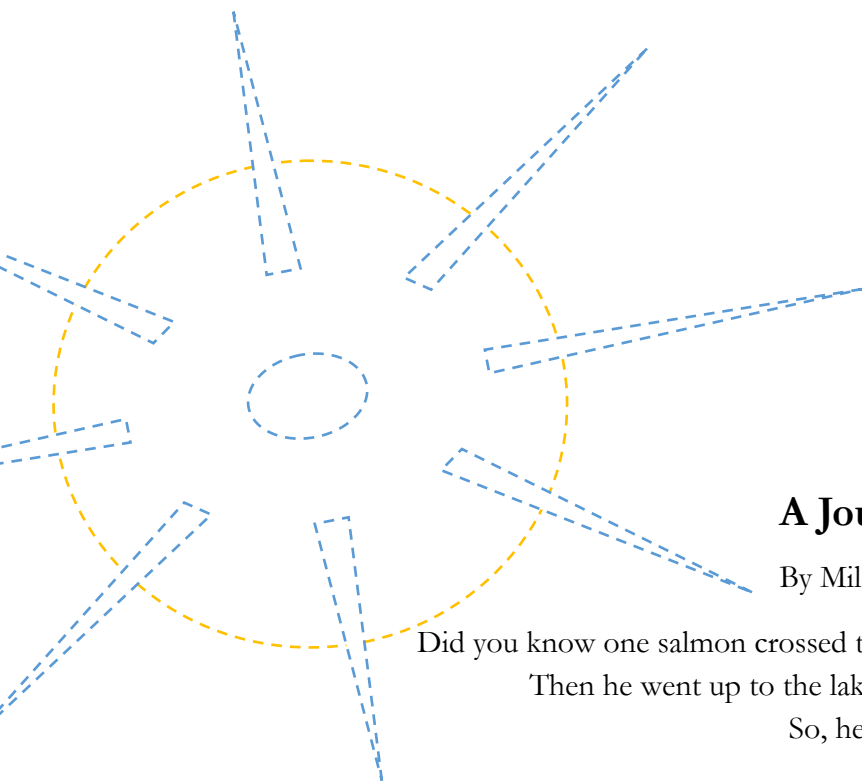
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Copper River Delta Diptych // Acrylics by Mark Flanagan

Veering as one Red Salmon run
holding renew, homing in true
on sensory signs as lateral lines
border Blue . . . scales flash
In the Sun's beaming hues
lights aqua Blues . . . player
streaming like hair
falling clear through
as the Thunderheads view
billows high . . . fused on the Sky
always in flux . . . wild as the Ducks
winging by . . . where the runoffs
can lie and renew

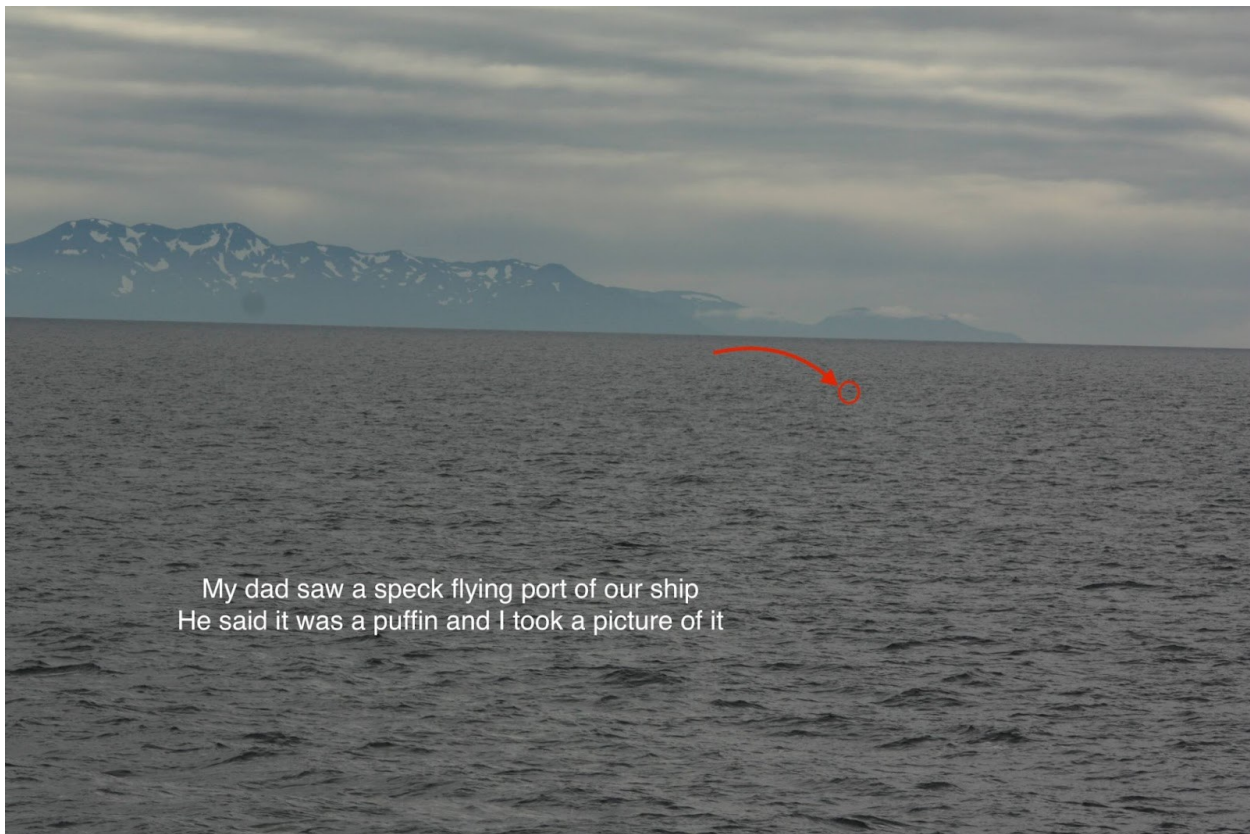
Reaching low for the high
cuz it's due
reaching Sea for the Sky
to review . . . it's reflection
in Blue . . . seems to split into two
on those lines so defined
by the logical minds
it's all one-of-a-kind's residue
sometimes brine . . .
like the water in you . . . yea
the color's the clue
and it's Blue . . .
clear into new.



A Journey Story

By Miles Nuzzi, age 4

Did you know one salmon crossed the road because he needed to get to the lakes.
Then he went up to the lake and he said, “*Burr*, that’s too cold.”
So, he left for Hawaii.
The End.



My dad saw a speck flying port of our ship
He said it was a puffin and I took a picture of it

My Dad Saw a Speck // Poem & Photo by Hasan Bowman, age 9



A Journey in Words

By Tracey Nuzzi, age >4

Words are a friend. Words create rhyme.
Words express love and go beyond time.
Words pass along stories of life well lived.
They create journeys of lives yet to give.

Little Blue Heron // Oil Painting by P. Payne

They offer hope, they deal with grief,
They honor love and provide relief.
Relief in a promise that we aren't the only ones,
Struggling, succeeding and surviving in the tons.

Words can be harsh, they can be cruel,
They can show our hurt and issue rule.
Hearing can be fragile, speaking is the same,
For it's a journey, with no one to blame.

Words are the journey of our days.
The substance of our ways.
The evidence of where our heart lays.

If I stopped the words, what would I be?
Where would I travel and what would I see?
How would I feel, if not in words?
Perhaps just to soar and sing with the birds?

The Vortex

By Jillian Gold

Somewhere under this overpass
there is a world of magic if
you ignore the cars *and cars* and
pull over for a look around
the Vortex will always be found
by those of us who stop to see

When you cannot recall the way
drive until the route finds you and
nudges you toward your exit where
you creep around the block until
you arrive at Argyle Street or
it might have been some other word
that reminded you of *argyle*

You are so close, and you know it --

Argyle.

Argyle.

Argyle.

You feel the Vortex pulling
you over
you park and walk
into the Vortex
all out of doors
you still walk *in*
to it

There's so many relics of gates
all spun into the landscape now
less deterrent than how many
empty shells and Beer cans rusted,
petrified, mountain before *you*,
still not halting

There are other places watched and
barred and hushed into secrecy
but there is nothing left to hide
where hills have vaulted steel faces
prised and scouted, lived in, and worse

The history is nearly gone
there is no placard stating why
so many tiny brick structures
sit crumbled through this wooded stretch
when in a recent span of life
each held only one technician
with his weapon so destructive
that faulty hand or wire might
extinguish him alone
high stakes

Cattails reach triumphant here
beside a creek that jogs along
while salamander larva flit
in pools of rainfall just beneath
the highway in a Universe
battered *and* expanding



Tidal Trip // Oil Painting by Alysha Cypher



Dinner on the Tibetan Plateau // Charcoal Illustration by P. Payne

Stuffless

By Steve Schoonmaker — *F/V Saulteur*

Raven watches . . .
he knows . . .

He knows he needs to eat
he knows . . . if he watches
he'll eat
he knows . . . of all our Stuff

He knows . . .

he knows . . . if he watches . . .
something will fall
something's left
he doesn't need to
hang on to . . . Stuff

He just needs to watch . . .
Skies gathered views
built for . . . looking over
Stuff

He knows . . .

Updrafts Soar . . . feathered
Oh yea . . .
turning collections loose
like the chill in the air
or the pull of the Sun's warmth
to his Blackness . . . Shining
flying over Stuff

He knows . . .

He knows . . . if he watches
he'll eat
he knows . . .
of all our Stuff

Raven's watching . . .

Free as Stuffless Sky
cawing by . . .
my insight . . . in flight
his Freedom showing
clear in its knowing . . .
the Value of Stuff
simply isn't . . . High . . .
oh yea . . . light as a feather . . .
can fly

Raven watches . . .
He knows . . .

He knows . . .
and I think . . . as a Human
yea, I think . . .
of Raven . . . flying by
No pockets to worry
or Money to buy
or closets, or storage
or some Logic denied

Yea . . .
I think of that Raven
and I truly realize . . .
that Life . . .

That Life . . .
is enough . . .
with a wide open Sky

Raven watches . . .
he knows . . .

Free as . . .
Stuffless Sky
His Freedom showing
with his warm Blackness
shining . . .
in the wide open High
. . . flying over Stuff

Raven watches . . .
He knows . . .

He knows . . .
that Life . . .
that Life . . .
is enough . . .
with a wide open . . .
Sky

Raven watches . . .
He knows.





Fort Stevens State Park, Oregon // Photo by Chris Byrnes

Some Journeys of the Great Johnny Tote

By Gerald Pieface Masolini

Here's an after-dinner sea story: Back *in the quiet of the world, when there was less noise and more green* [words stolen from J.R.R. Tolkien's *The Hobbit* (page 3)], Cordova had a thriving tanner crab industry. The winters of the 1970s saw the peak of production because fishermen had figured out that with a Loran and huge flood lights, they could fish 24 hours a day (*isn't that just brilliant?*).

The lure of big-time crab money drew a crowd of rough-hewn young crabbers known, in some circles, as “deck apes”. All you had to have was a number two hat and a size 40 shirt. Never a Saturday night passed back then without blood on the boardwalk between the Cordova House and the Alaskan.

This crab crowd fished off the outer coasts of Hinchinbrook Island, Montague Island, out to

Middleton Island and sometimes past Cape St. Elias -- we knew all the good crab fishing was in the open ocean. Lots of times we'd see Johnny Totemoff fishing Hinchinbrook Entrance between Johnstone Point and Port Etches in the 40-foot Karen Mae. To us young tough guys he was Johnny Tote, a polite guy who minded his own business, and he was old -- *probably 40*. I can envision him on his flying bridge off Porpoise Rocks, silhouetted in the first cold morning light of the eastern sky. He never had an enclosed flying bridge or floodlights; he just wore rain gear and one of those hats with long flaps that beat on your ears when the wind blows hard. *Well*, we thought, if Johnny could scratch up a few Tanners in the flat waters of the Entrance, fine. We'd stay in the ocean where the real crabbers fished.

(continues on next page)



Photo Courtesy of Pieface Archives

Late in the 70s when ocean crabs started thinning out, we found out what Johnny had known for years: The biggest Tanners lived in the Entrance and they were thick. We'd been running over the top of them while Johnny Tote fished the relatively peaceful waters and quietly hauled load after load of crabs to town.

One time, around January of 1979, I was longlining for bait near one of Johnny's old spots in the Entrance (by that time he had moved to other areas) when a bad southeaster came up quick. We headed for Port Etches, but when we poked our nose around Bear Cape, the storm was wild -- we had a total white-out. We ran up near the gravel beach in front of Nuchek and dropped the hook. Not an ideal hiding place, but sometimes anything looks good.

Toward morning the weather let down a little and through the snow we could see the lights of others anchored in Port Etches. They were coaxing each other over the radio to take a peek around Cape Hinchinbrook to see if the ocean was fishable. Nothing much happened for a while; it was nice just to be in a flat anchorage drinking coffee.

Then we heard George Allen calling the Karen Mae: "Pick me up, Johnny?" A couple of minutes passed and then Johnny was on the air: "Yeah George, we're just jogging outside the Cape, waiting for the gear to come up."

The little Karen Mae had been out in the ocean off of Cape Hinchinbrook since early morning, waiting for the current to slow down so the buoys could come to the surface. Business as usual for Johnny Tote. After that, the radios were pretty

quiet. None of those big crabbers wanted to get on the radio and admit they were pansies, still on anchor, while the "old man in the smaller boat" was out in the ocean waiting for it to calm down.

Years later I was crossing the Sound when the propeller shaft on my boat, the Barbara, broke. When that happens, you're dead in the water. I got on the radio, there was nobody nearby, so we just made a pot of coffee and sat there.

Pretty soon we saw a speck down towards Hinchinbrook Entrance. It turned out to be Johnny Tote on his way to town (with another load of crabs). I didn't know it, but Johnny had heard me on the radio. He just pulled alongside, snugged us up with a couple of lines and we were heading home. There wasn't much to say and there wasn't much said. Diana made an apple pie and halfway to town I walked up to the bow of the Barbara and held the pie by Johnny's window. The window opened and about all I could see were a couple of hands and a big smile as the pie disappeared into the Karen Mae. Johnny delivered us to Cordova and went about selling his crabs. It was just business as usual for Johnny Tote.

Somewhere along in those years we all turned from crabbing to seining for pink and chum salmon. Chums were the money fish, and the talk was that Port Fidalgo was full of them. It was also full of boats nervously waiting to make a big catch . . . we could feel the tension in the early morning air . . .

(continues on next page)

. . . there were lots of big, new boats with big payments to make. Johnny and the Karen Mae were there too. Kenny Vlasoff, Mitty and Chung on the deck . . . cool heads, no nervousness on that boat; eyelids at half-mast, sipping coffee. When six o'clock struck, the whole fleet set their nets at once, engines and skippers screaming, boats banging into each other, best friends calling each other idiots. It was a mess. Except on the Karen Mae . . . Johnny had not even set . . . he had just backed off from the chaos, poured another cup of coffee, and watched.

When the fleet hauled their nets in, they barely had caught enough to eat. As they untangled themselves and backed off a ways, Johnny slowly moved in for his turn. *Slowly, quietly.* All eyes were on him. The last thing he wanted to do was spook the fish. Ten thousand years of native fish catching know-how was at work in his head. With a slight nod, he gave Kenny the signal to start pulling the net off the stern of the Karen Mae.

I could imagine skippers on other boats thinking, "Look at poor old Johnny . . . how's he expect to catch anything with that old gear?" Slowly and quietly, Johnny and Kenny pulled the seine into a giant circle, then they started pursing, thus cinching the net closed. This was the moment of truth, as any fish in the closing net would realize they were trapped. Suddenly the water inside the circle of seine corks exploded with thrashing chums. The whole fleet was aghast; there was a chattering on the boat radios, "My God! He's caught 'em all!" Seiners raced to grab Johnny's corks before the mass of chums sunk the net. A tender pulled alongside and soon was pumping fish aboard.

It was business as usual for Johnny Tote.

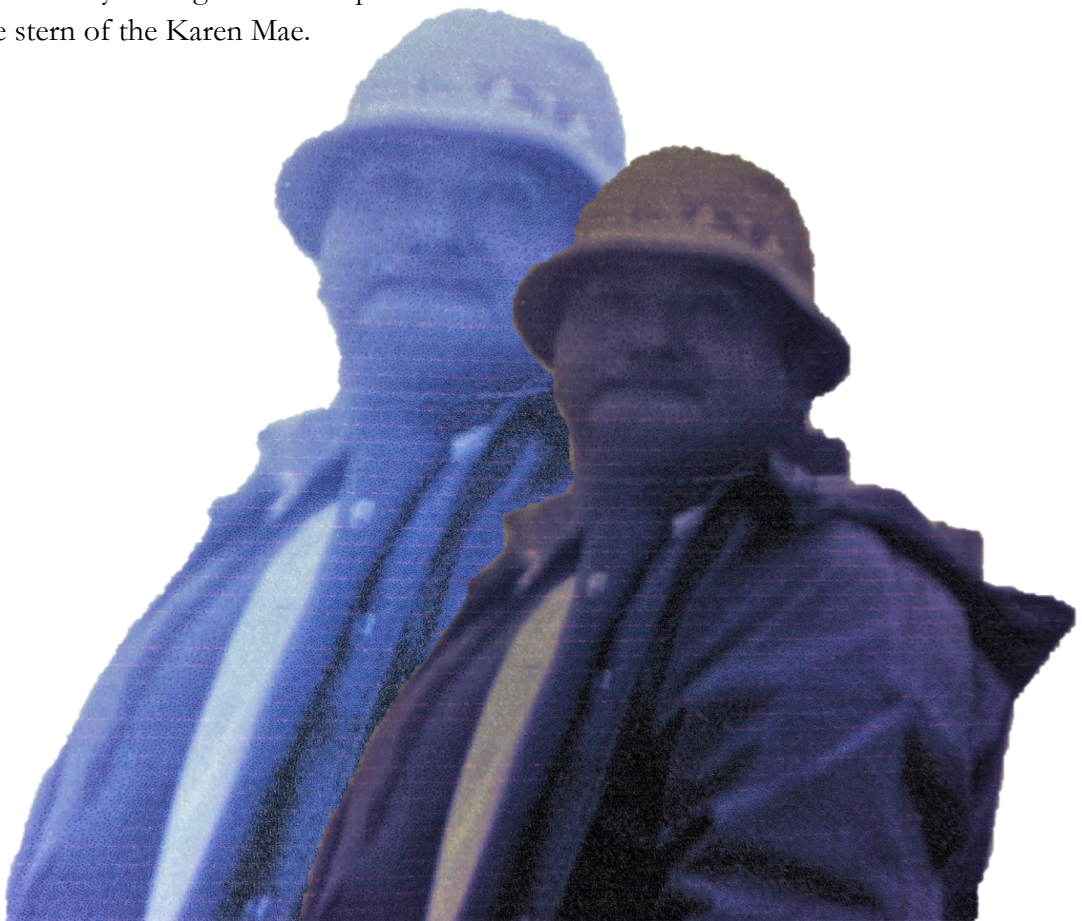


Photo Courtesy of *Pieface Archives*



NW Arete, Wolverine Ridge, Heney Range // Photo by David Saiget